

cheller, Johnson & Bacheller.) (Copyright, 1896, by Ba PART I.

Capt. Polson sat in his comfortable parlor smiling benignly upon his daughter and sister. His ship after an absence of eighteen months was once more berthed in the small harbor of Sunset bay, and the captain was sitting in that state of good-natured affability which invariably characterized his first appearance after a long ab-

"No news this end. I suppose?" he inquired, after a lengthy recital of most extraordinarily uninteresting adventure.

"Not much." said his sister Jane, looking nervously at her niece. "Young Metcalfe has gone into partnership with his father." "I don't want to hear about those sharks," said the captain, waxing red; "tell me about honest men."

"Joe Lewis has had a month's imprisonment for stealing fowls," said Miss Polson, meekly. "Mrs. Purton has had twins; dear little fellows they are, fat as butter. She has named one of them Polson after youthe greedy one."

"Any deaths?" inquired the captain, snappishly, as he eved the innocent lady

"Poor old Jasper Wheeler has gone," said his sister; "he was very resigned. He borrowed enough money to get a big doctor from London, and when he heard that there was no hope for him, he said he was just longing to go, and he was sorry he couldn't take all his dear ones with him. Mary Hewsen is married to Jack Draper, and young Metcalfe's banns go up for the third time next Sunday."

"I hope he gets a tartar," said the vindic-ive captain. "Who's the girl? Some silly little fool, I know. She ought to be

"I don't believe in interfering in marriages," said his daughter Chrissie, shaking her head :agely.
"Oh," said the captain, staring, "you

"Oh," said the captain, staring, "you don't? Now you've put your hair up and taken to wearing long frocks, I suppose you're begirning to think of it."
"Yes; auntle wants to tell you something," said the daughter, rising and crossing the ro m.
"No, I don't," said Miss Polson, hastily. " said the daughter, rising and cross-

"You'd better do it," said Chrissie, giv-ing her a little push: "there's a dear. I'll go up and lock myself in my room."

The face of the captain while this conversation was passing was a study in sup-pressed emotions. He was a firm advocate for importing the manners of the quarterdeck into private life, the only drawback being that he had to leave behind him the language usual in that locality. To this omission he usually ascribed his failures. "Sit down, Chrissie," he commanded; "sit down, Jane. Now, miss, what's all this

about?"
"I don't like to tell you," said Chrissie,
folding her hands in her lap. "I know
you'll be cross. You're so unreasonable."
The captain stared—frightfully.

"I'm goirg to be married," said Chrissie, suddenly. "There! To Jack Metcalfe— there! So you'll have to learn to love him. He's going to try and love you for my To his sister's dismay, the captain got up

and, brandishing his fists, walked violently to and fro. By these simple but unusual

means decorum was preserved.

"If you were only a boy," said the captain, when he had regained his seat, "I should know what to do with you."

"If I were a boy," said Chrissie, who having braced herself up for the fray, meant to so through with it, "I shouldn't want to marry Jack Don't be silly father "Jane," said the captain, in a voice which made the lady addressed start in her chair,

"what do you mean by it?"
"It isn't my fault," said Miss Polson.
leebly. "I told her how it would be. And t was so gradual. He admired my gera-niums at first, and, of course, I was deselved. There are so many people who admire my geraniums, whether it is because the window has a south aspect—"

"Oh!" said the captain, rudely; "that'll do, Jane. If he wasn't a lawyer, I'd go round and break his neck. Chrissie is only nineteen, and she'll come for a year's cruise with me. Perhaps the sea air'll strengthen her head. We'll see who's master in this

"I'm sure I don't want to be master." said his daughter, taking a weapon of fine cambric out of her pocket, and getting ready for action. "I can't help liking peo-

ple. Auntie likes him, too. "Yes," said Miss Polson, bravely. "Very good," said the autocrat, promptly.
"Til take you both for a cruise."

"You're making me very unhappy," said Chrissie, burying her face in the handker-"You'll be more unhapppy before I've

done with you," said the captain, grimly.
"And while I think of it, I'll step around and stop those banns.' His daughter caught him by the arm as You'll make me look so foolish."

she wailed. "That'll make it easier for you to come "That'll make it easier for you to come to sea with me," said her father. "Don't cry all over my sleeve. I'm going to see a parson. Run upstairs and play with your dolls, and if you're a good girl I'll bring you in some sweets."

He put on his hat, and, closing the front door with a large went off to the new

door with a bang, went off to the new rector to knock two years off the age which his daughter kept for purposes of matrin.ony. The rector grieved at such duplicity in one so young, met him more than half way and he came out from him smiling placidly until his attention was attracted by a young man on the other side of the road who was regarding him with manifest

Wkwardness, "Good evening, Capt. Polson," he said. crossing the road.
"Oh," said the captain, stopping. "I wanted to speak to you. I suppose you wanted to marry my daughter while I was out of the way to save trouble. Just the manly thing I should have expected of you. I've stopped the banns, and I'm going to

I've stopped the banns, and I'm going to take her for a voyage with me. You'll have to look elsewhere, my lad."
"The ill-feeling is all on your side, captain," said Metcalfe, reddening. "Ill-feeling?" snorted the captain; "you put me in the witness box and made me a laughing stock in the place with your silly attempts at jokes, lose me five hundred



Brandishing His Fists, Walked Violently to and Fro.

cunds and then try and marry my daughwhile I'm at sea. Ill-feeling be hang-

"That was business," said the other.
"It was," said the captain, "and this is business, too. Mine. Fil look after it, I promise you. I think I know who'll look illy this time. I'd sooner see my girl in beaven than married to a rascal of a law-

yer."
"You'd want good eyesight," retorted
Metcalfe who was becoming rufiled.
"I don't want to bandy words with you," and the captain with dignity, after a long pause devoted to thinking of something worth bandying. "You think you're a elever fellow, but I know a cleverer. You're quite welcome to marry my daughter if

Moten to any further remarks, went on his

way rejoicing. Arrived home, he lit his pipe and, throwing himself into an arm-chair, related his exploits. Chrissle had recourse to her handkerchief again, more for effect than use, but Miss Polson, who was a tender soul, took hers out and wept unrestrainedly. At first the captain took it well enough. It was a tribute to his power, but when they took to sobbing one against the other his temper rose, and he sternly commanded silence.

"I shall be like—this—every day at sea," sobbed Chrissie, vindictively, "only worse, making us all ridiculous." "Stop that noise directly," vociferated the

"We c-c-can't," sobbed Miss Polson.
"And we d-don't want to," said Chrissie.
"It's all we can do, and we're going to do
it. You'd better g-go out and stop sometling else. You c-can't stop us."

The captain took the advice and went, and in the billiard room of the "George" heard some news which set him thinking, and which brought him back somewhat earlier than he had at first intended. A small group at his gate broke up into its elements at his approach, and the captain following his sister and daughter into the "So you're going to run off to London to get married, are you, miss?" he said ferociously. "Well, we'll see. You don't go out of my sight until we sail, and if I

catch that pettifogging lawyer round at my gate again I'll break every bone in his bedy. Mino that."

For the next three days the captain kept bis daughter under observation and never allowed her to stir abroad except in his allowed her to stir abroad except in his company. The evening of the third day, to his own great surprise, he spent at a Dorcas. The company was not congenial, several of the ladies putting their work away and glaring frigidly at the intruder, ard, though suffering greatly, made no attempt to put him at his ease. He was very thoughtful all the way home, and the next day took a partner into the concern in the shape of his boatswain.

"You understand Tucker" he concluded

"You understand, Tucker," he concluded, as the hapless seaman stood in a cringing at the happess seaman stood in a cringing attitude before Chrissie, "that you never let my daughter out of your sight. When she goes out you go with her."
"Yes, sir," said Tucker, "and suppose she tells me to go home, what am I to do

"You're a fool," said the captain, sharply. "It doesn't matter what she says or does; unless you are in the same room you are never to be more than three yards from

"Make it four, cap'n," said the boatswain, in a broken voice.

"Three," said the captain, "and mind, she's artful. All girls are, and she'll try and give you the slip. I've had information given me as to what's going on. Whatever happens you are not to leave her."
"I wish you'd get somebody else, sir,"
said Tucker, very respectfully. "There's a
lot of chaps aboard that'd l'ke the job."
"You're the only man I can trust," said
the captain, shortly. "When I give your orders I know they'll be obeyed. It's your watch now."

He went out humming. Chrissie took up a book and sat down, utterly ignoring the woe-begone figure which stood the regulation three yards from her, twisting its cap in its hands.

in its hands.

"I hope, miss," said the boatswain, after standing patiently for three-quarters of an hour, "as 'ow you won't think I sought arter this 'ere little job."

"No," said Chrissie, without looking up.
"I'm just obeying orders," continued the boatswain. "I always git let in for these 'ere little jcbs, somehow. The monkeys I've 'ad to look arter aboard ship would frighten you. There never was a monkey frighten you. There never was a monkey on the Monarch but what I was in charge of. That's what a man gets by being

"Just so," said Chrissle, putting down her book. "Well, I'm going into the kitchen now. Come along, nursic." "'Ere, I say, miss," remonstrated Tucker, flushing. "I don't know how Susan will like your going to her kitchen." said Chrissie

thoughtfully; "however, that's your bus The unfortunate seaman followed his fair charge into the kitchen, and leaning against the dcor post doubled up like a limp rag before the terrible glance of its mistress.
"Ho." said Susan, who took the state

of affairs as an insult to the sex in general, "and what might you be wanting?"
"Cap'n's orders," murmured Tucker feebly.
"I'm captain here," said Susan,

fronting him with her bare arms akimbo.
"And credit it does you," said the boat-swain, looking admiringly round. "Is it your wish, Miss Chrissie, that this



mage comes and stalks into my kitchen, as the irate Susan. "I didn't mean to come in in that way. said the astonished Tucker. "I can't help

being big."
"I don't went him here," said her mistress. "What do you think I want him tress.

"You hear that," said Susan, pointing to the door, "now go. I don't want peo-ple to say that you come into this kitch-"I'm here by the cap'n's orders," said Tucker, faintly. "I don't want to be here. Far from it. As for people saying that I came 'ere after you, them as knows me

I came 'ere after you, them as knows me would laugh at the idea."

"If I had my way," said Susan in a hard, rasping voice, "I'd box your ears for you. That's what I'd do to you, and you can go and tell cap'n I said so. Spy!"

This was the first verse of the first vatch, and there were many verses. To add to his discomfort, he was confined to the house as his charge manifested. to the house, as his charge manifested no desire to go outside, and as neither she nor her aunt cared about the trouble of bringing him to a fit and proper state of subjection, the task became a labor of love for the energetic Susan. In spite of everything, however, he stuck to his guns; and the indignant Chrissie, who was in almost hourly communication with Met-calfe, through the medium of her faithful

handmalden, was rapidly becoming desper

On the fourth day, time getting short, Chrissie went on a new tack with her keeper, and Susan, sorely against her will, had to follow suit. Chrissie smiled at him, Susan called him Mr. Tucker, and Miss Polson gave him a glass of her best wine. From the position of an outcast he jumped in one bound to that of confidential adviser. Miss Polson told him many items of family interest, and later on in the afternoon actually consulted him as to a bad

cold which Chrissie had developed.

He prescribed half a pint of linseed oil hot, but Miss Polson favored chlorodyne. The conversation turned on the deadly qualities of that drug when taken in excess, of the fatal sleep into which it lulled the conversation turned on the deadly qualities of the fatal sleep into which it lulled the conversation. its victims. So disastrous were the inci-dents cited that half an hour later, when,

The drug suddenly poured out in a little stream.
"I should think that's about it," said Chrissie, holding the tumbler up to the

Chrissie, holding the tumbler up to the light.

"It's about 500," said the horrified Tucker; "don't take that, miss, whatever you do. Let me measure it for you."

The girl waved him away, and before he could interfere drank off the contents of the glass and resumed her seat. The boatswain watched her uneasily, and taking up the phial, carefully read through the directions. After that he was not at all surprised to see the book fall from his charge's hand onto the floor and her eyes close.

close.
"I knowed it," said Tucker, in a profuse perspiration. "I knowed it. Them gals are all alike. Always knows what's best. Miss Polson! Miss Polson!" He shook her roughly, but to no pur-pose, and then running to the door shout-

pose, and then running to the door shouted eagerly for Susan. No reply forthcoming, he ran to the window, but there was nobody in sight, and he came back and stood in front of the girl, wringing his huge hands helplecsly. It was a great question for a poor settlemen. If he went for a docfor a poor sallorman. If he went for a doc-tor he deserted his post; if he didn't go, his charge might die. He made one more attempt to awaken her, and selzing a flower-glass splashed her freely with cold water. She did not even wince.

"It's no use fooling with it," murmured Tucker. "I must get the doctor, that's all." He quitted the room, and, dashing hastly down stairs, had already opened the hall door, when a thought struck him and he came back again. Chrissie was still asleep in the chair, and with a smile at the clever way in which he had solved a difficulty he stoeped down, and, raising her in his strong arms, bore her from the room and down stairs. Then a hitch occurred. The down stairs. Then a hitch occurred. The triumphant progress was marred by the behavior of the hall door, which, despite his efforts, refused to be opened, and, encumbered by his fair burden, he could not for some time ascertain the reason. Then, full of shame that so much decelt could exist in so fair and frail a habitation, he discov-ered that Miss Polson's foot was pressed firmly against it. Her eyes were still closed and her head heavy, but the fact remained that one foot was acting in a manner that was full of intelligence and guile, and when he took it away from the door the when he took it away from the door the other one took its place. By a sudden maceuver the wily Tucker turned his back on the door and opened it, and at the same moment a hand came to life again and dealt him a stinging slap on the face.

"Idiot," said the indignant Chrissle, slipping from his arms and confronting him.
"How dare you take such a libertie?"

"How dare you take such a liberty?"
The astonished boatswain felt his face The astonished boatswain felt his face and regarded her open-mouthed. "Don't you ever dare to speak to me again," said the offended maiden, drawing herself up with irreproachable dignity. "I

herself up with irreproachable dignity. "I am disgusted with your conduct. Most unbearable."

"I was carrying you off to the doctor," said the beatswain. "How was I to know you was only shamming?"

"Shamming?" said Chrissle in tones of incredulous horror. "I was asleep. I often go to sleep in the afternoon."

The boatswain made no reply except to grin with great intelligence as he followed his charge upstairs again. He grinned at intervals until the return of Susan and Miss Polson, who, trying to look unconcerned, came in later on, both apparconcerned, came in later on, both appar-ently soffering from temper, Susan especial-ly. Amid the sympathetic interruptions of these listeners Chrissie recounted her ex-perience, while the boatswain, despite his better sense, felt like the greatest scoundrel unhung, a feeling which was fostered by the remarks of Susan and the chilling regards of Miss Polson "I shall inform the captain," said Miss

Polson, bridling. "It's my duty."
"Oh, I shall tell him," said Chrissie. "I shall tell him the moment he comes in at "So shall I," said Susan. "The idea of taking such liberties."



That Was Full of Intelligence.

watched the enemy narrowly and anxious "If I've done anything wrong, ladles, said the unhappy boatswain, "I am sorry for it. I can't say anything fairer than that, and I'll tell the cap'n myself exactly how I came to do it, when he comes in."
"Pah—telltale," said Susan.
"Of course, if you are here to fetch and carry," said Miss Polson, with with-

ering emphasis.
"The idea of a grown man telling tales," said Chrissie, scornfully. "Baby."
"Why, just now you were all going to tell him yourselves," said the bewildered boatswaln

The two elder women rose and regarded him with looks of pitying disdain. Miss Polson's glance said "fool" plainly. Susan, a simple child of nature, given to express-ing her mind freely, said "blockhead" with

"I see 'ow it is," said the boatswain, after ruminating deeply. "Well, I won't split, ladies. I can see now you was all in it, and it was a little job to get me out of the

'What a head he's got," said the irritated Susan; "isn't it wonderful how he thinks of it all? Nobody would think he was so elever to look at him." "Still water runs deep," said the boat-swain, who was beginning to have a high opinion of himself.

"And pride goes before a fall," said Chris-sie: "remember that, Mr. Tucker."
Mr. Tucker grinned Mr. Tucker grinned, but remembering the fable of the pitcher and the well, press-ed his superior officer that evening to rethe strain was slowly undermining a constitution which was not so strong as appearances would warrant, and that his knowledge of female human nature was la-

points. tain, who had no intention of attending any more Dorcases. "Very well, indeed. I am

mentably deficient on many important

"It ain't a man's work," objected the boatswain. "Besides, if anything happens, you'll blame me for it." you'll blame me for it."

"Nothing can happen," declared the captain, confidently. "We shall make a start in about four days now. You're the only man I can trust with such a delicate job,

man I can trust with such a delicate job,
Tucker, and I shan't forget you."
"Very g.od," said the other, dejectedly.
"I obey orders, then."
The next day passed quietly, the members
of the household making a great fuss of
Tucker, and thereby filling him with forebodings of the worst possible nature. On
the day after, when the captain, having
business at a neighboring town, left him
in sole charge, his uneasiness could not be in sole charge, his uneasiness could not be

concealed.
"I'm going for a walk," said Chrissie, as he sat by himself, working out dangerous moves and the best means of checking them. "Would you care to come with me, "I wish you wouldn't put it that way, miss," said the beatswain, reaching for his

hat.
"I want exercise," said Chrissie. "I've been cooped up long enough."
She set off at a good pace up the high street, attended by her faithful follower, and passing through the small suburbs, and passing through the sound. After struck out into the country beyond. After four miles the boatswain, who was no walker, ren inded her that they had got to

go back.
"Plenty of time," said Chrissie. "We have got the day before us. Isn't it glorious? Do you see that milestone, Tucker? I'll race you for it. Come along."

She was off on the instant, with the boatswain, who suspected treachery, after

her.
"You can run," she panted, thoughtfully "You can run," she panted, thoughtfully, as she came in second. "We'll have another one presently. You don't know how good it is for you. Tucker."

The boatswain grinned sourly and looked at her from the corner of his eye. The next three miles were like a horrible nightmase, his charge making a race in which the laboring hostswain despite his went of second boring boatswain, despite his want of practice, came in the winner for every milestone. The fourth race ended disastrously, Chrissie limping the last ten yards and seating herself, with a very woebegone face on the milestone.

feathers, so that when morning came the dents cited that half an hour later, when, for fellow, but I know a cleverer. You're a welcome to marry my daughter if a small bottle of chlorodyne from the mantelpiece, the boatswain implored her to try is turned on his heel and, refusing to to any further remarks, went on his "Nonsense," said Chrissie, "I'm only swain, who thought he could afford to be broken before the goose could be taken out. His friends to whom he told seating herself, with a very weebegone to this doubted the farmer's sincerity, but face, on the milestone.

"You did very well, miss," said the boatswain, who thought he could afford to be way, it was accepted as real. ice had to be broken before the goose could

going to take twenty drops. One-two generous. "You needn't be offended about "It's my ankle," said Chrissle, with a little whimper. "Of," I twisted it right round."

The boatswain stood regarding her in silent consternation. silent consternation.

"It's so use looking like that," said
Chrissie, sharply. "You great, clumsy
thing. If you hadn't have run so hard it
wouldn't have happened. It's all your

fault."

"If you don't mind teaning on me s bit," said Tucker, "we might get along."

Chrissie took his arm petulantly, and they started on their return journey at the rate of about four hours a mile, with little cries and gasps' by every other yard, "It's no use," said Chrissie, as she relinquished his arm, and, limping to the side of the road, sat down. The boatswain pricked up his ears hopefully at the sound of approaching wheels.

"What's the matter with the young lady?"

"What's the matter with the young lady?" inquired a groom who was driving a little trap, as he pulled up and regarded with interest a grimace of extraordinary intensity on the young lady's face.

"Broke her ankle, I think," said the beatswain, glibly. "Which way are you going?" going?"
"Well, I'm going to Sunset Bay," said the

groom, "but my gov'nor's rather pertickler."
"I'll make it all right with you," said the The groom hesitated a minute, and then made way fo: Chrissie, as the hoatswain assisted her to get up beside him; then Tucker, with a grin of satisfaction at get-

ting a seat once more, clambered up behind, and they started.

hind, and they started.

"Have a rug, mate?" said the groom, handing the reins to Chrissie and passing one over. "Put it around your knees and tuck the ends under you."

"Ay! ay! mate!" said the boatswain, as he obeyed the instructions.

"Are you sure you are quite comfortable?" said the groom, affectionately.

"Quite," said the other.

The groom said no more, but in a quiet, business-like fashion placed his hands on the seaman's broad back and shot him out into the road. Then he snatched the reins from Chrissie, and drove off at a gallop.

Without the faintest hope of winning, Without the faintest hope of winning, Mr. Tucker, who realized clearly, appearances notwithstanding, that he had fallen into a trap, rose after a hurried rest, and started on his fifth race that morning. The prize was only a second-rate groom with plated buttons, who was waving

Shot Him Out Into the Road. heery farewells at him with a dingy top hat, but the boatswain would have sooner had it than a silver tea service. He ran as he had never run before in his life, but all to no purpose, the trap stopping calmly a little further on to take up another passenger, in whose favor the groom retired to the back seat. Then with a final wave of the hand to him, they took a road to the left and drove rapidly out of sight. The boatswain's watch was over.

(The end.)

AUSTRIA'S WOMEN PRISONERS.

Even the Worst Criminals Are "Er-ring Sisters" and Are Treated Kindly. From the Chicago Record. In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill-set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn-without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to any ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. There the treatment seasoned with mercy as mercy seasoned, and none too well, with justice. Even in official reports she is an "erring sister"—

one who has, it is true, strayed from the narrow path, but quite involuntarily. The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Neudorf, only a few miles away from the city. There any woman who is convicted of either crime or misdemeanor is at once transported. The judge before whom she is tried decides, of judge before whom she is tried decides, of course, how long she shall remain. He may, too, if he deems it right, give orders that while there she shall pass a day in solitary confinement from time to time, and on these occasions be less plentifully supplied with food than usual. In the great majority of cases, however, no instructions of this kind are given; the women are simply handed over to the keep. women are simply handed over to the keep-ing of the superior of the convent, to be dealt with as she thinks best. She houses them, feeds them, clothes them, and pro-vides them with instruction and occupation; and the government gives her for what she does 35 kreuzers a day (about 7

pence) for each prisoner under her care. pence) for each prisoner under her care. So long as these women are in the convent the responsibility of their safe keeping and general well being rests on the superior; and, in return, she is allowed practically a free hand in her management of them. There are, it is true, certain regulations in force with regard to the amount of work they may be required to do and the punishment that nay be inflicted on them; but these are not of a nature to interfere seriously with her freedom of action. She is, in fact, virtually an autocrat within her own domain, and there are not half a dozen women in Europe today who have so much power for the weal or woe of the so much power for the wear or woe of their fellows as she has. The only man attached to the place—a government inspector—is little more than her aid-de-camp; and as

for the great officials who pay her flying visits from time to time, they are more inclined to seek advice than to give it.

The convent itself is a fine old buildirg, which once upon a time was a castle and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the courtyard stands open the whole day long, and there is never a guard within sight. The dcorkeeper is a pretty little nun, whom a strong woman could seize up in her arms and run away with. She welcomes all comers with the brightest of smiles, and leads them into the parlor without making a single inquiry.

VICTIMS OF SNAKES.

Some Remarkable Stories Told of Their Recovery. Most persons when they hear a natural

ist tell about peculiar doings by birds, animals, or reptiles grin and ask about big fish. One tale, which no one but naturalists seem to believe, was told in the Forest and Stream recently by Allen Chamberlain. He says he heard & cry down in Florida such as a distressed frog makes and found that a blacksnake was swallowing a frog. When the frog was out of sight the snake was shot through the head and the frog was liberated. At first it was stupefied. but was soon as lively as ever. Within twenty years the same paper has recorded at least a score of just such instances, re-ported by as many individuals, who gave ported by as many individuals, who gave their real names and addresses, and who declared they had seen the stupefied toad or frog come to as from a trance, hop about as if dazed, and at last go away as abcut as if dazed, and at last go away as lively as ever.

S. D. Kendall, in the Forest and Stream for June, 1892, told about a mother quail which in trying to protect her young got within reach of a rattlesnake. The snake was killed in the act of swallowing the bird. When released the bird was for some time stupefied, but after a while recovered enough to stagger off. On the next day she was all right and caring for her chicks.

A Goose Frozen in the Lake. From the Mount Sterling (Ky.) Advocate.

One of our farmers was in the city Monday and told of the sudden change in temperature on Grassy Lick, saying that a goose was on the pond and before it could get to the bank ice formed around it and froze its

The Patent Whatisit!

sarsaparilla, it is sarsa...... Stop! What is the name on

the bottle? Is it Ayer? Then it is sarsaparilia; the best that

is made. But the other kind, that looks and smells and tastes

like sarsaparilla. What is it? That's it. It's whatisit. It's

a conundrum. Give it up. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, alone, is made

exclusively from the imported Honduran sarsaparilla plant, the

variety richest in medicinal value and healing power. Possibly,

this is why one bottle of Ayer's does as much work as three

bottles of any other kind. At least, that is what people say

who've tried others, and then tried Ayer's. Some go farther.

There's GEORGE SMITH, Druggist, of Seymour, Conn., for

example, who writes: "I will guarantee more benefit from one

bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than by using half a dozen bottles

of any other kind." That's the sort of record Ayer's Sarsa-

parilla is living up to. Others imitate the remedy; they can't

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Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

It looks like sarsaparilla, smells like sarsaparilla, tastes like

A MIDNIGHT TALE. The Burglars Were Not Over Scrupulous, but They Knew When to Quit.

imitate the record—50 years of cures.

From the Jury. The hour-midnight. Place-kitchen in millionaire's house. The weather-cloudy,

probably rain. "Tick! Tick! Tick!" This noise came from the dollar alarm clock which the hired girl, as usual, had not taken to her room for

fear of getting alarmed. "Saw! Saw! Saw!" This noise could never be laid to a dollar clock; only robbers would break the silence thusly with saws. "Drop! Drop! Drop!" This noise is the lock dropping to the floor. The door softly opened and two desperate villains peer through the darkness, and after striking a match and lighting the gas, one of them

softly hisses:
"The job is did! Now for the gold!" The other is evidently of the same mind, bag and a murderous-looking stick, and beckening to his pal, they steal softly up the back stairs to break the millionaire his head or his pocket book.

As it takes some time to creep up the millionaire's back stairs, we will leave the villains creeping and see what is happen-ing in the rich man's spacious sleeping apartments, and why he doesn't awaken to foil the robbers at their game. Could you see into this room you would certainly bet a dollar to a bad apple that the man was asleep, but his wife's eyes are wide open as she turns over, thumps him on the fun-

as sne turns over, thumps him on the funny bone and says:

"And so, Charles, you refuse to buy me a diamond necklace like Mrs. Jones has?"

"For the millionth time. I do! Go to sleep!" answered the rich man, opening his eyes for a second to glare at the downrodden woman.

"You wretch!" she gasped.
"You squanderer!" he growled. "I'll get a divorce!"

"The quicker the better!"
In the meantime the robbers, having fininhed their creeping business, had advanced to the door of the room, and as they paused on the threshhold they overheard the words given above. Their faces blanched—their hands trembled, and with bound they fled-fled from that house as if shot from a cannon, and never stopped a stop until a mile of streets lay between them and that unrobbed residence. These men could stab, shoot, rob, murder, but when it came to getting mixed up in a family quarrel-excuse them!

Photographing a Bullet.

From the Detroit Free Press. Professor Boys of London recently delivered an illustrated lecture in which he showed photographs of the Lee-Metford bullet as it passed through a quarter-inch sheet of glass. Just before the bullet touched the sheet the air wave cut a disk of glass about half an inch in diameter clean out. At the same time the glass around the hole was crushed into powder and driven back at an extremely rapid rate. The glass stuck to the bullet for a short time after it had passed through, the disk being driven out in front of the "bow wave." In this experiment the waves caused by the vibrations of the glass were plainly shown. A photograph of the bullet after it had cleared the glass by nine inches showed the remainder of the glass intact, but when the bullet had proceeded another sixteen inches, the sheet of glass was seen to break and fall in fragments.

Honesty Not Politic. From the Clairemont Eagle. Maud-"What is the trouble between

Alice and Kate?" Ethel—"Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her."

Ethel—"Kate told her."

Something to Look Forward To.



STORMING HELL'S GATEWAY.

Search of a Party of Americans for Subterranean Treasure. From the Galveston Daily News. Among the old Mexicans of Hidalgo

county there has always been a legend that there was an immense cavern near the Loma Blanca lake, which is situated in the northeastern part of the county at a point known as Alto Colorado or Red Cliff. It is said that during the close of the last

century a wealthy Spaniard got into some trouble with the authorities of Mexico and found it necessary to flee the country in order to save his life. He accordingly loaded an immense amount of gold and gems upon pack mules, and with one faithful servant started north, in the hope that he would reach a seaport. He arrived at the Rio Grande and crossed to the north side without meeting any special misnap, but on arriving in the vicinity of the Loma Blanca lake he was attacked by a roaming band of Indians, who succeeded in killing his pack nules and mortally wounding his faithful servant. It seems that the Spanfard was a man of undoubted courage, and was well supplied with arms and ammuni-tion, and taking advantage of the natural defenses above referred to, was able to hold the savages at bay until they were tired out, or forced to retire for food. In the cave he found several springs of fresh water, numerous passages, and several large rooms, one of which he decided to make his treasure vault, and into it he conveyed all his wealth. After depositing his gold and gems he carefully closed up the mouth or door leading to the treasure room, making a cement for the purpose with the gypsum and yeso which he found in abund-

arce, and marked the spot with two oldfashioned swords crossed. He then struck out alone in an easterly direction, and in a few days reached the Laguna Madre and managed to cross over to Padre Island, where he remained for some time, until finally picked up by a

Spanish vessel and taken to Spain, where

ne soon afterward died. About six months ago a party of six or About six months ago a party of six or seven Americans from the neighborhood of Kenedy, in Karnes county, came out to Loma Blanca, and after locking over the greend, commenced excavations, and after clearing away a considerable amount of drift sand came to what was undoubtedly the mouth of a cave in the side of a hill. The passageway, although filled completely with sand, the accumulations of many years, was well defined, and could be easily followed. The work of exploration is still in progress, but is necessarily very slow. few days ago one of the explorers told the News correspondent that they were nearly assured that they had reached the neigh-borhood of the treasure vault described by the old Spaniard. The springs of fresh water and all the passages and rooms so-far explored are exactly as they were described in the maps, and the gentlemen who are at work on the enterprise have the most unbounded faith in final success. They have spent quite a sum of money, besides their own labor, and if they are merely following a will-o'-the-wisp they are to be pitied. They keep their own council, and outside their own little circle no one for certain knows what are their plans. They have excavated a tunnel about 999 feet long, and that it is an old subterranean passage cannot be doubted, as is shown by

the stalagmite formations above and be-Apparently they are going down into the bowels of the earth at an angle of about 60 degrees, and the further they progress the more remarkable are the stalagmite

If there is any buried treasure there and these men find it, they have certainly earned it, and if they spend a portion of it to make a road across the Encinal to the point where they are working they will have the thanks and prayers of everybody whose misfortune compels them to travel over those horrible sand hills.

Record of Big Salmon. From the New York Sun.

A few days ago Lord Zetland, while fishing in the river Tay, in Scotland, hooked and landed an extraordinary salmon on his fly. The fish was 4 feet 2 inches long and 2 feet 6 inches in girth. It weighed fifty-five a plaster cast of the fish for his lordship.
In June, 1886, R. G. Dun broke the American record of large salmon by taking a 54-pound salmon from the Cascapedia river pound salmon from the Cascapedia river, Canada. President Arthur previously had held the American record with a 50-pound salmon. A. G. Bennett of Brooklyn, who was an expert salmon fisher in Scotland, frequently saw 50-pound salmon landed, but never one over 52 pounds, which leads to the belief that the fish die when they reach such a growth, or perhaps ceas growing or biting.

Proved by History. From the Yonkers (N. Y.) Statesman Yeast-"I see that there is another prize fight in the wind." Crimsonbeak-"Yes: I guess it will stay

Late. From the Detroit Tribune.

"Be mine," he implored. "Too late," she answered in a trembling

He buried his face in his hands. Hope fled from his bosom. "Too all-fired late," the woman repeated. grow healthy, and big, ard strong. Now, I suppose you were able to leave off eating long ago, Aunt Phillida!"

MR. BULL AS A HOST. Social Changes That Are Affecting

British Hospitality. Is the art of British hospitality on the decline? A writer in the London World believes that it is, and assigns as the cause "the adoption for entertaining purposes of that practice of nomadic dining which has been so largely borrowed of late years from the other side of the channel." The home dinner party is disappearing, he mournfully adds, owing to the multiplication of gorgeous and palatial restaurants, with all their alluring possibilities of vicarious hospitality. No one can seriously pretend that to entertain at a restaurant is the same thing as to entertain under one's own roof. It is a trouble-shirking method of discharging social obligations, utterly devoid of the

sentiment associated with the home. "Flat life" is another "foreign" abomina-tion which is contributing to the downfall of the once cherished British institution. Hom life and flat life are two totally distinct things, and to a large extent antagonistic. Flat dwellers are debarred from entertaining in any but the most restricted manner, and their only resource is the restaurant. Again, the art of conversation, on which the home dinner depended so much for its success, is on the decline, for today "so great is the dread of mutual boredom that hosts and guests at restaurant dinner parties frequently take the precaution to arm themselves on masse with tickets for the themselves en masse with tickets for the play, and thereby escape from the necessity of entertaining each other for a moment longer than is absolutely necessary by ad-journing to the theater immediately the repast is concluded."

The Gulls' Strategy.

From the Tacoma Ledger. Allen C. Mason is telling a story that would probably ruin any reputation he may have for truth and veracity where he is not as well known as he is in Tacoma. He says he does not absolutely vouch for its truth, but believes it to be true. It was told him by some of the men who work on a boat running from the ocean dock to Quartermaster harbor. They say that in stormy weather, when the sea gulls find it stormy weather, when the sea gulls find it difficult to get their food from the usual sources of supply, they alight on the logs lying on the beach along the shores of the harbor until as many of them are perched on a log as can get on it, and then, ap-parently by direction of one of their num-ber, they begin to rock back and forth un-til they turn the log over and then each til they turn the log over and then each then they repeat the operation.

Give the Other Fellows a Chance.

From the Atchison (Kan.) Globe. No girl should allow a young man to call on her oftener than three times a week, even if they are engaged. Men get tired of the same kind of pie if they have it too often. A man's heart is cut out on the same plan as his stomach, only on a smaller



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condi-tion of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxa-tives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction